Eulaline

Compliments

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Eulaline

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The Picture

DEAR eyes! come to me nightly,
As when the stars look in,
Half shadow, and half brightly,
So you my wonder win.

Dear hair! of many roses,
Be round my fingers blown:
A bower, where Love discloses
The treasures that I own:

Thy brow, that like the morning
Swells full with light and dream,
Where pride gives her adorning,
And beauty gives her gleam.

And where your smiles are breaking—
A soft surprise of pearls—
You seem a Queen awaking
Among a thousand girls.

Oh! you are more than summer;
You are the year complete;
A late, a last new-comer,
To find all at your feet.

And yet, you take no guerdon;
Now claim your own; nor know
You are the pretty burden
Of songs that used to flow;

Your eyes have held a palace;
Your temples borne a crown;
Your lips, a fateful chalice
That brought a kingdom down.

But yet, for my undoing,
And yet, for my desire,
With love you drown my rueing,
And wake my ancient fire.

Kin of my soul! my longing!
I close mine eyes; I call;
A thousand voices thronging,
And you, the name in all.

APRIL SIXTH, 1899.

The Rose

RED rose, and a deep true love:
The breath of the bud when it swoons to flower;
The message of summer from wings above
Showers down, in the thoughts of this hour;

Old thoughts, with new sweetness new:
Your hand in my pain, and your voice of light;
But when you are gone, could my heart look through,
Again it would fail in the night.

Love came when the skies were blue,
And gave me her promise that joys would live
Forever, if life should be touched by you;
You pass, and all fades that you give.

The cross of life's dream and truth!
To hold that your word is the final thing,
To lose in your absence the power of youth,
That only your presence can bring.

Not doubt! may I sin not there;
But love is a child in its strength and cries;
You promise and go, but what hand shall care
For gardens that woke to your eyes?

Harsh hands would be kind, my dear!
If you should not come; if you came not soon;
The harvest is gleaned at the height o' year,
And roses are over in June.

Red rose from her hair! I kiss,
And give it to Love, o'er the world to roam;
To find her, and press on her pale lips this:
The cry of my soul: "Heart; come home!"

JULY FIRST, 1899.

Eulaline

EULALINE! lost Eulaline!
So, in the pause of the dirge of the night,
The white sad faces seem to breathe the light
Upon my spirit with your name;
I leap up to it, with my lips on flame;
And throw my soul with cries, and hunger, madness, to
The echoes,—bitter ashes, bitter laughter—falling through
The cold wild space, that held not Eulaline.

Eulaline, if Death would come!
Sweet as the breeze when it kisses the flower;
Or if my stony soul could in this bower
Tempt it and flaunt it to a cry

Of pain, until its witless rage would die
In merciless content, to have me underneath;
How I would flower-like, seed-like, mingle with the trysting-heath,
Where Eulaline shall not hereafter come.

Eulaline! that you were dead!
Then could I find you and bathe you with tears;
And fleeting hope, and change, and varied years,
And death, and God, and life, and Love,
Could droop their honeyed, resting wings above
Your flower-face, ambered in a smiling youth;
And we should kiss, kiss you, and pass the kiss of constant truth;
But Eulaline is lost; she is not dead.

Eulaline! whose name and words
Broke like the attar that dripped from the rose,
You far have gone, but listening, my heart flows
On memory that rises to

A star serene — God keep it! — more than you:
Your chastened love, purer than summer's kindliest sun;
I kneel there, life passed, death most, greatest courage greatly done,
And lift to Faith your promise and your words.

Eulaline! you mock me yet?
Sweetness shall break from the heart of the comb;
And you must journey, weary, tearful, home;
The full grapes of the promised South
I grasp to cool my soul's lips; give your mouth!
And feed your sins, your needs, your pale, dear face,
With pity, pardon, love, and God's eternal ambient grace
To flow around us, so we may forget.

JULY FIFTEENTH, 1899.